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Santa Clara, Cal., November-December, 1899.

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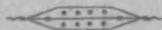


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The American Ornithologists' Union
CHECK-LIST OF NORTH AMERICAN BIRDS,

Second Edition, 1895, Thoroughly Revised.



The preface to this work defines its scope and object and includes selections from the A. O. U. Code of Nomenclature, of special importance in the present connection. The table of contents consists of a systematic list of orders, sub-orders and families of North American birds. The check-list proper gives the scientific and common name, number in previous list, and geographical distribution of the 1,068 species and sub-species, constituting the North American Avifauna. This is followed by a list of birds of doubtful status, and a list of the fossil birds of North America.

This new edition has been carefully revised; the recent changes in nomenclature and species and sub-species described since the publication of the first edition in 1886 are included, while the portion relating to geographical distribution has been much amplified.

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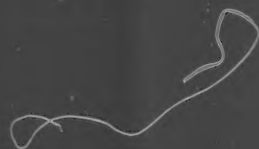
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A BI-MONTHLY EXPONENT OF CALIFORNIAN ORNITHOLOGY.

Vol. I. No. 6. Santa Clara, Cal., November-December, 1899. \$1.00 a Year.

A Night at Sea.

BY A. W. ANTHONY, TAYLORSVILLE, CAL.

[Read before the Northern Division of the Cooper Orn. Club, Sept. 2 1899.]

WHAT do the sea birds do at night? I have often heard the question asked and as often heard someone answer: "Oh, they all go to the islands to roost." Do they? Few naturalists care to spend the hours wandering about on land in hopes of discovering unpublished chapters in the life histories of our land birds, and on the water they are not only less inclined but opportunities are few and far between.

I have often passed the night with the birds off the California coast and enjoyed their company so much that I venture to give an account of one night's observations in hope that it may prove of some interest to readers of the BULLETIN. It was late in April when a visit to the Coronado Islands was planned, and as it was desirable to spend several days about the islands, I did not care to take a large boat that would have to be anchored off the rocks. Therefore a fifteen-foot skiff was loaded with camp equipage and provisions and at dark I started—alone,—because, as some one said, no one was fool enough to go with me and at night. Since it is nearly always calm then off our Southern California Coast and with nearly the full moon, it was altogether the most enjoyable time for the twenty-two mile pull to the islands.

On each of the beacons which mark the channel up San Diego Bay were resting cormorants or herons. Two or three Great Blue Herons and one Egret were seen, some crowding so close to the red light as to seem to be seeking warmth from its rays. At Ballast Point I hauled the boat upon the beach to wait the turning of the tide. Out in the channel scores of Brown Pelicans were busily engaged fishing in a close flock. So fast did they plunge it seemed to rain pelicans. They were accompanied by the omnipresent Heermann's Gulls whose whining, cat-like cries were the only notes to be heard. Between midnight and one o'clock, the tide having turned, I launched the skiff and started sea-ward. A few Western Gulls were the first birds seen. They were passing from the bay toward the kelp beds two miles to the westward.

These vast reaches of thick kelp afford excellent resting places for the gulls, terns and cormorants, and even Great Blue Herons are often seen standing on the floating mass. One arose now as I approached and flew farther out with hoarse complaint. Skirting the edge of the kelp for some two or three miles, gulls were constantly startled from their roosting places, Western and Heermann's being easily recognized. At

intervals small flocks of Royal Terns rose from the rafts of broad leaves and others were at times seen flying in from the south. Quite a number of cormorants were fishing near the southern end of the kelp, diving for the many small fish that could easily be traced through the water by their silvery, phosphorescent trails. On one or two occasions the birds chased their prey under the skiff and the larger track of phosphorescence resembled a singularly erratic comet, as it zigzagged about, three or four fathoms under water.

It was here that one of the cormorants in pursuit of a flying fish chased it out of the water so near the boat that the fish passed within a few inches of my face, and the bird, rising to the surface an instant later, was so startled by the sudden discovery of the boat, it uttered a squawk of horror which was drowned in a gurgle as its author hastily disappeared below. A cormorant never tries to fly when it is in a hurry and can as easily dive. After leaving the kelp and getting fairly out to sea, gulls were rather common, flying in small flocks of three or four to a dozen. Nearly all were migrating and many were accompanied by Royal Terns. A whistle would always call the terns aside from their line of flight but after one or two circuits and a few inquiring cries, they left the boat to pass on to the north.

Frequently flocks of six or eight pelicans would pass like grey ghosts in the moonlight, flying in "pelican order," each just behind and a little to one side of the one preceding it. They but cleared the water, rising and falling in perfect time to skim the long, smooth swell. They were all coming from the direction of the bay and flying toward the islands in a grave, business-like manner that ever marks the species as one that takes life seriously. When deep water was reached several miles from shore, the call notes of Cassin's Auklets and Xantus' Murrelets began to be heard and soon they came from

all sides, although none allowed me to get near enough to see them. At this season the murrelets have nearly all hatched their young and taken them to sea, where family parties of two adults and one or two downy young are often seen, many miles from land.

The auklets, however, though they have also hatched, are obliged to spend the night in getting food for the young which never leave the burrows until they are fully feathered. They are never fed in the daytime but at night an auklet colony presents a very busy appearance as the adults hurry in from the sea, where they have spent the day.

All night they are going and coming and some of them must go many miles from home and make perhaps several trips each night to satisfy the cravings of the ever-hungry squabs. Soon after reaching the auklets, shearwaters were seen flashing by in the moonlight and the frequent, discordant cries that reached me proclaimed them to be, in part at least, the Black-vented species. Now and then the far-off notes of a petrel came over the waves and once the dark, bat-like form of what was probably the Black Petrel hovered for a moment in the wake of the skiff and was gone.

It was now getting grey in the east and the islands were no longer blue lumps on the sea but unmistakable rough, rocky mountains but a short distance to the south. But a few minutes since a flock of pelicans passed, going toward the nesting colony on North Island and now a long line of them are seen coming back,—the first contingent of hundreds that soon start for the day's fishing. They are followed by a long, black line that, as it comes nearer, resolves itself into a seemingly endless column of Farallone Cormorants. As day breaks, pelicans, gulls and cormorants become more and more abundant, streaming out from the island in every direction, until we can easily understand how one, seeing them arrive or depart, comes to the conclusion that "all the sea birds go the islands to roost."

Some of the Summer Flycatchers of Arizona.

BY O. W. HOWARD, FT. HUACHUCA, ARIZONA.

[Read before the Southern Division of the Cooper Orn. Club, Aug. 30, 1899.]

SULPHUR-BELLIED FLYCATCHER.

THIS large and handsome flycatcher is one of the rarest and least conspicuous of its family and its range in the United States is extremely small, it being found only in the higher mountain ranges of Southern Arizona and Southern New Mexico. I believe there are more of these birds in the Huachuca Mts. than in any other range north of the Mexican line, although

other flycatchers being entirely absent. A person might be in the immediate vicinity for hours without seeing them and for this reason the nests are hard to locate, although a person could find them if he had plenty of spare time in which to watch the birds. After the eggs are hatched the birds become quite bold and noisy and may be easily located by their peculiar note which



Nest and eggs of the Sulphur-bellied Flycatcher.

even there very few are found. During four successive seasons' collecting in this locality I have not seen more than a dozen pairs of the birds, and during that time have examined five nests, all of which contained young,—the result of collecting birds' eggs on Sunday! The birds are so shy and so different from other flycatchers that it takes a long time to become acquainted with their habits.

In the breeding season the birds keep in the thick foliage of the trees and catch their insect prey in a very quiet way, the twitching, uneasy habits of

sounds like the squeaking of a limb or a wheelbarrow which needs oiling.

I noticed the first birds on the 4th of June and I do not think they arrive before the 1st. In my observations of these birds I have found that they use the same nesting cavity year after year and as soon as they appear in the spring they may be seen in the vicinity of their old nests. The nesting season of this species is very late; I do not know of any eggs being taken before the first of July and I found a nest with young just hatched on August 28, 1899. I think fresh eggs may be found

from the first of July until the 15th of August. All the nests I know of were placed in sycamore trees along a creek in the bed of a canon, at from 5,000 to 7,000 feet elevation. As a rule the cavities are large enough to admit the hand without enlarging, and vary from six inches to one foot in depth, and the distance from the ground ranges from twenty-five to fifty feet.

The nest in the illustration was taken by Mr. W. B. Judson on our trip in 1896, on July 16. It was placed in a sycamore tree about forty feet up in a natural cavity ten inches deep. This nest was within a stone's throw of our camp and was not found until two of the three eggs had been laid. We had seen the birds in the vicinity several times, but our suspicions had not in any way been aroused by their actions and we paid little attention to them until Mr. Judson happened to see the female fly from the cavity and thus we found the nest. All the nests I have examined were made entirely of stems of wild black walnut leaves without any attempt at lining whatever, excepting that the finer stems were placed on the inside of the nest.

OLIVACEOUS FLYCATCHER.

The Olivaceous Flycatcher is a common summer resident in various mountain ranges of Arizona and New Mexico. It is found very commonly in the oak belt in the Huachuca and Santa Rita mountains at from 5,000 to 7,000 feet elevation. Although the birds are so numerous, the nests are very hard to find. During four seasons' collecting in these mountains I kept a sharp lookout for the nests of this bird but until this season I did not secure a single egg. In the season of '96 we spent many hours watching the birds in hope of finding a set or two of their eggs, but were only rewarded with a nest of four young birds about ten days old. This nest was in an ash tree within three feet of a trail on which we were passing almost daily. It was placed in a natural cavity about twenty feet up and ten inches below the entrance. We had seen the birds in the vicinity of this nest and watched them several times but not once did the birds cause the

A set of three slightly incubated eggs found Aug. 5, 1897, by Mr. F. C. Willard of Galesburg, Ill., was placed in a sycamore, fifty feet up, in a natural cavity in the trunk of the tree and about ten inches deep. This nest was directly over a creek. A nest which I found this season (on July 20, 1899) contained two young of this species just hatched. The nest was placed in a natural cavity in a sycamore about forty feet up and was the same cavity from which I secured a fine set of young in 1897. The nests are very large, with a shallow cup, measuring about three inches, inside diameter. The outside diameter varies according to the size of the cavity in which the nest is placed. Notwithstanding the crude material used in the composition of the nests they are rather compact and easily preserved. I have no calipers with me so cannot give the dimensions of the eggs, but they are about the size of a Kingbird's or slightly larger, rather oval in shape and marked over the entire shell with scratches and blotches of chestnut and reddish-brown with under shell markings of purple, the ground color being a shiny buff.

least suspicion as to the location of their nest until Mr. Judson espied the female with food for the young and saw her go to the nest.

In 1897 I noticed a pair of these birds in a certain locality several times and made up my mind they were about to build in the vicinity, so I placed some cotton along a barbed wire fence and watched results. The birds did not bite that day, but a day or two after I came back to the same place and noticed that some of the cotton had disappeared, so I sat down to watch and it was not long before one of the flycatchers lit on the fence and took a good sized piece of cotton and flew off to where its mate was perched, dropping the cotton on the way. I watched the birds for fully an hour after this but there was no further attempt made at gathering building material.

By mere accident a friend secured a single egg of this species for me last season. My friend had climbed an ash

tree to examine a nest of the Arizona Woodpecker which contained young, and while up the tree he noticed a likely-looking cavity in another limb of the same tree, so he chopped it open and found it contained a nest of the Olivaceous Flycatcher with a single egg and shells of others—evidently a deserted nest. The nest did not differ materially from two others which I am about to describe. While walking down a canon one day late in May, through some thick timber; an Olivaceous Flycatcher, presumably a female bird, flew past me and I noticed something in its mouth as it flew by. The mate followed shortly after and both birds lit on a dead oak stump not fifty feet away. I was well hidden and stood perfectly still. The birds seemed to be rather nervous and sat there for some time when the one with the building material entered a deserted woodpecker's excavation about six inches below where it had been sitting. Satisfied that the birds were only building I left the locality and returned again on the 4th of June expecting a fine set of four or five eggs, but to my disappointment the birds were not in sight

and when I looked into the nest I found it deserted. The two eggs which it contained were almost entirely hidden by the disarranged nesting material. Needless to say I took the two eggs with the nest and was glad to get them. The nest was composed almost entirely of rabbit's fur with a few tail and wing feathers of jays sticking upright around the outer edge. The nest was ten inches below the entrance to the cavity and fifteen feet from the ground; elevation about 6,500 feet. The eggs very much resemble those of the Ash-throated Flycatcher but are much smaller and the markings are finer. Mr. F. C. Willard of Galesburg, Ill., examined a nest of this species on the same date, it being placed in a natural cavity in the trunk of a sycamore tree forty feet up. This nest contained four fresh eggs but unfortunately two of the eggs were broken while chopping into the cavity. The nests did not differ from the last and the eggs from the two nests are scarcely distinguishable. Counting the egg of this species taken by my friend in '98, there are only five eggs now in existence of the Olivaceous Flycatcher.

BUFF-BREASTED FLYCATCHER.

Very few facts, if any, have been published regarding the breeding habits of this rare little flycatcher. The birds are even less numerous than the Sulphur-bellied Flycatchers, their range within the United States being about the same. I first met with the birds in 1896 during that eventful trip made from Los Angeles by wagon, a distance of about 700 miles, the party consisting of W. B. Judson, H. G. Rising, H. S. Swarth and myself. We expected to meet this flycatcher shortly after our arrival in the Huachuclas and kept a sharp lookout for them all the time, but were for sometime disappointed, until finally one afternoon I was taking a stroll up the canon above the camp when I spied a small flycatcher sitting on a dead twig in the top of an oak tree on the hillside. The bird was new to me and I at once took it for granted that this was the Buff-breasted Flycatcher. I stood behind a tree watching the bird until the light grew dim and I was

obliged to make my way back to camp as I had to pass through a narrow and very rocky gorge known as "The Box,"—not a very safe place to wander around in after dark.

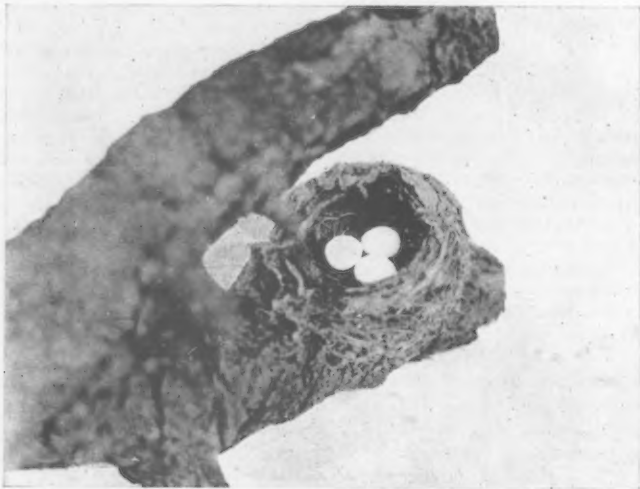
When I reached camp that evening I reported what I had seen and all were much interested so on the following morning June 5, 1896, all four of us made our way to the place where I had seen the flycatcher, but the bird was not in sight and we were about to make our departure when I spied a nest in a pine tree just above our heads. I at first thought this was the flycatcher's nest so I soon had my climbers on and was up to the first limb where I stopped to rest and while doing so my eyes fell on another nest in the same tree and not far from the one I had seen from the ground. The last nest looked more promising and as I sat there looking at it I noticed a very small tail sticking just over the edge of the nest. It did not take me long to climb up

even with the nest and a few kicks on the limb flushed the bird which proved to be a Buff-breasted Flycatcher. The nest was in a fork near the extremity of the limb and about twelve feet from the trunk of the tree and fifty feet from the ground.

The only way the nest could be taken was by the use of a rope, of which we had plenty. One end of the rope was passed over a large limb about twenty-five feet diagonally above the nest, then pulled around until both ends met on the ground, whereupon

size and shape of a Blue-gray Gnatcatcher's nest; the composition was of bits of dry, soft leaves, fine straws and rootlets with a lining of fine fibers. The bird was very bold and not easily flushed from the nest.

The usual note of this flycatcher is scarcely describable but is entirely different from that of any other flycatcher that I have met. When flushed from the nest the bird will keep up a short low "chip". Another nest of this species found June 13, 1896 was placed in a pine tree, saddled on a large



Nest and Eggs of the Buff-breasted Flycatcher.

the boys below took up the slack and walked out until the rope passed within a foot or two of the nest. When everything was ready I twisted the rope around one leg and slid down even with the nest. After flushing the bird once more I peered over the edge of the nest to see the first four eggs of the Buff-breasted Flycatcher that had ever been found. After placing the eggs in my mouth I cut off the limb with my hatchet and slid down to the ground, leaving the other boys to pull the rope down and coil it up while I packed the treasures. The eggs were plain buff or dull white in color and of oval shape. The nest was very compact and about the

limb about four feet from the trunk of the tree and forty feet above the ground. This nest contained three eggs about two-thirds incubated and the nest and eggs did not differ from the preceding set. I found another nest on July 16, 1896 also situated in a pine tree and not far from the one last mentioned. The nest was placed in a fork near the extremity of a large limb, about ten feet out and thirty-five feet from the ground. This nest was also taken by use of a rope as described and contained three fresh eggs, but an examination of the female showed that the full clutch had been laid.

I did not secure any more eggs of this

species until July 10 of the present year, when I took a fine set of four eggs, the nest being placed in a pine sapling and saddled on to a large limb about six feet out from the trunk of the tree and thirty feet from the ground. Elevation, 9,000 feet. This nest and eggs do not differ from those I found in 1896 excepting that the nesting material is a little different, owing to the

difference in altitude. Mr. F. C. Willard found a nest of this species in 1897 saddled on a large limb in a pine tree thirty feet from the ground. This nest rested against the trunk of the tree and in climbing, Mr. Willard put his hand over the nest,—not knowing it was there—and unfortunately crushed the eggs.

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A Northern Record for the Black-chinned Sparrow. (*Spizella atrigularis*.)

BY D. A. COHEN, ALAMEDA, CAL.

[Read before the Northern Division of the Cooper Orn. Club, Sept. 2, 1899.]

ON May 27, 1899 while working my way through the low, rather sparse, black sage covering a knoll in the Coast Range Mountains in Alameda county, near the line of Contra Costa county, I observed a small bird alight in one of the bushes, but before I could raise the gun it had hidden itself amongst the cover. During that brief space I caught a glimpse of the black chin and wondering what the strange bird could be, decided it was possibly Bell's Sparrow (*Amphispiza belli*). Efforts to flush it or catch sight of it again were unavailing. About two miles farther along the rocky hills, descending from a rocky ledge and barren soil with a sparse growth of sage and scrub oak to where the more fertile soil supported a healthier and more abundant growth of vegetation, I had just shot a Lazuli Bunting on a gentle incline down to the canon. Here and there was a small rock and on one of them I sat for a brief rest when a bird song, very much like that of the Lazuli Bunting in tone and duration, met my ear.

The singer had no time to repeat as he hopped about the top of a tall shrub, because a charge of dust shot ended the life of the individual which I could not clearly recognize in the strong light. Upon picking up a cleanly-killed specimen I knew it to be akin to the bird I had just previously seen, and judging it to be a male because of its song, I searched for the female or for the nest. Here was an ideal place for the nest, both sun and shade in varied quanti-

ties,—a miniature ravine, shaded by a few willow, small bay trees and burr oaks, that had been a rill in the rainy season, losing its way a hundred yards farther down the slope to a grassy hillside above the thick brush along the creek, while on each side of the ravine was mixed vegetation characteristic of the richer soils, also an occasional sage bush and rock straggling from the rugged territory higher up. One or two patches of wild blackberry vines, beds of bracken, clumps of lupine and thistles and mixed brush where a tall, coarse perennial grass flourished, were diligently searched without sign or note of a bird of any sort.

Mr. W. Otto Emerson identified the specimen as the Black-chinned Sparrow (*Spizella atrigularis*). It measured in inches 5.90; 7.88; 2.60; 2.80. Bill, pinkish-brown; irides, brown. It was a male in rather worn plumage and possibly breeding close to the spot where it was taken as this was the best site as to varied topography for its size of any for miles. The bird's song and bold actions indicated its mate was nesting in the vicinity if similar actions of other small birds are taken into account.

Mr. Belding's "Land Birds of the Pacific District" quotes on this sparrow as follows, in part:—"Santa Ana Plains, Los Angeles Co., Dec. 10-14, 1884, rather common—F. E. Blaisdell. San Bernardino, F. Stephens, tolerably common; breeds in the foothills. Colton, April 28, 1884, a fine male shot by R. B. Heron. April 29, male shot by Chas. W.

Gunn. [Mr. Stephens was the first to find it in the coast region of California, in 1883 or earlier]."

I sent the specimen to Mr. Stephens at Witch Creek, San Diego Co., for further reference and he generously contributed the following notes, and remarks that the specimen appears to be in the normal male plumage. Mr. Stephens says: "All my notes and references are at San Diego so I cannot give you as definite information as I would like to. In a general way this species is more or less distributed over the brush-covered hillsides (chemisal) of Southern California, between 1,000 and 3,000 feet altitude. They appear in the latter part of March. By the end of June the song ceases, or nearly so. As they are retiring in habit, the song is the principal clue to their presence. I cannot say just how late the species remains but I doubt many birds being here after the first of August, perhaps none.

"The farthest north I have seen this species is near Independence, Inyo Co. (see Fisher's Report on the Ornithology of the Death Valley Expedition). The nest and eggs are of the usual *Spizella* character; the nest is placed in low bushes in the thick chemisal and May is the principal nesting month. I have seen small companies of fewer than a dozen birds in the migration, but usually not more than one or two pairs inhabit any one hillside. I do not consider the species common anywhere and there are large areas in southern California where it does not occur."

Echoes From An Outing.

A MEMORY OF THE SIERRAS.*

ON a bright morning in early June a trio of the Cooper Club consisting of Mr. Barlow, Mr. Carrieger and the deponent set out from Placerville, the old "Hangtown" of blessed memory, and took our way up over the old stage road toward the divide. A pair of handsome "bays" relieved us of physical exertion and the blistering heat of the lower valleys was tempered by the mountain altitudes. Every breeze was redolent with the o-

dors of conifers, while the broad sweeps of the mountain suburbs were a continual revelation of fresh and inspiring scenery.

Our attention is early and often called to the substantial pavement with which Nature has invested the highway and hills, and to the superfluous materials left scattered about. But even these ungentle reminders are not devoid of sentiment, for was it not over these rocks that Horace Greeley made his flying record behind the relentless whip of Hank Monk? The incident is dim in the shadow of more important events connected with the old highway, but in the light of experience the solemn conviction remains that here the seeds of lingering dissolution were planted in the tangled viscera of the great journalist.

Tradition tells us that over this trail came many of the Argonauts of '49 and bands of gold-hunters who followed in succeeding years. When the hidden treasures of the old Comstock were unfolded to the world, the old trail was converted into a chartered thoroughfare and carried the products and supplies of that historic mining camp. No suburban avenue on the continent could then rival it in value and magnitude of its traffic and old residents, with watery eyes and far-away look, still delight to tell of those halcyon years when the road was crowded with a moving procession of dusty mules and ponderous trains, of flying stages and hurrying equipages and all the turmoil of congested business to be found where gold is prevalent. But the sentiment is all of the past! When the heart of the great industry ceased to beat, associated enterprises died for want of nourishment. A few lumber-laden teams from an adjacent mill plod up and down in monotonous routine.

The wandering camper urges his weary mules toward the clear waters

* [It is proper to here mention that the locality whence Mr. Welch gleaned the observations that have entered into his delightful "reverie" is Fyffe, El Dorado Co., Cal., a point on the Lake Tahoe Road, which has of late years become a favorite sojourning point for numerous members of the Cooper Club. It is most interesting to note the impressions which are inspired in one who does not give his time wholly to the fascinations of ornithology while in the field, as do most of the workers who have visited Fyffe in the summer. Mr. Welch's keen and ready wit and generous good nature were pleasing features of the outing, as one may judge who follows through the sketch. ED.]

and cool shades of Tahoe. Specters of decay linger in the neglected garden and unpruned orchard, and the old roadside houses stare out upon the deserted reaches like crumbling monuments in a cemetery of industries long since dead. As we ascend to higher altitudes the landscape stretches away until the pine-clad hills are melted in the mellow distance. Far down in the blue-tinted valley clustered hamlets mark the sites of busy mines, and gleams of white

caped their telescopic vision, not a flash of wings but has been promptly listed and bound in thongs of unspellable Latin. By gentle protest they are dissuaded from climbing to the top of a tall Lombard poplar to investigate the domestic affairs of a flycatcher, but there is no commercial taint to their enthusiasm,—they are not here to despoil in the name of Science! The outposts of the Sierran timber belt loom up in the distance and it is with admiration akin



Photo by Loren E. Taylor, Fyffe, Cal.

OUR OLD SIERRA CABIN IN WINTER.

(This patriarchal cabin among the pines has served often as a lodge for ornithologists sojourning at Fyffe, on the Lake Tahoe Road, during the summer.)

through spires of conifers reveal the sequestered homes of ranchmen. For more than half a century the gold-hunter has been writing history in these hills, and from the rude inscriptions 'graved with pick and shovel and drill may be read untold stories of Roaring Camp and tales of romance and pathos, of hope and despair.

With eager eyes my enthusiastic friends search the wayside for an alien visitant. Not an adjacent nest has es-

to reverence that we approach the grandest woodland in all the world. As we enter into the solemn shade and listen to the eternal whisper of its foliage, one is deeply reminded of that heritage of the supernatural which, in the ancient dawn of intelligence, peopled the solitudes with gods and phantoms.

Soon we arrive at our destination, a little nook, carved out of the forest, that might have been torn from an eastern

landscape. A plain, old road-house with adjacent out-buildings have survived in some degree the industrial paralysis. A garden with rows of cultivated vegetables and an orchard extending back to the woodland, lend an air of home-like comfort to the surroundings. We miss the rustle of Indian corn and the yellow plumes of golden-rod, but an old worm fence surrounding the enclosure completes a rustic scene that would appeal to the memory of them who know aught of old eastern rural life.

Rustic simplicity prevails within. An old dusty bar, a relic of other days, before which many a weary soul has received spirituous consolation, has been promoted to the dignity of post-office. A broad, open fire-place hints of the evening blaze and the seductive pipe.

"This is the place we long have sought
And mourned because we found it not."

Here freedom is unconfined. We may occupy three chairs at a time, bunk on the post-office, skin birds on the table and smoke the room blue without provoking a questioning glance. The flag of the Cooper Club is unfurled over Sportsman's Hall, conventionality kicked out of the back door and freedom invited to shriek.

It is surprising how the appetite gains upon the clock but it is not yet the hour for luncheon and my colleagues have already assumed their nondescript costumes and vanished in the wilderness. Conservation of energy is my distinguishing trait and for what little popularity I have attained among my fellow-men, I am indebted to this virtue. Therefore I light my pipe and saunter out to see what Nature may add to the rustic picture. An "old oak-en bucket" that hangs in a well of clear, cold water tempts me to the verge of harmless intoxication and then I pause by a dripping trough where a band of small frogs are rehearsing for the evening entertainment. Barn Swallows circle and twitter about the old barn, wherein a noisy hen is proclaiming the accomplishment of a maternal duty.

A band of Lark Sparrows are exploring a barren pasture over the way, while far up in the adjacent cedars a

band of those mountain Gypsies,—Blue-fronted Jays,—are juggling bird language in a most distracting manner. A meadowlark perches himself on the old rail fence and utters his clear, ringing call like a bugler on parade, while a robin in a neighboring apple tree betrays the proximity of its nest by distressing cries. A pair of bluebirds have reared their brood in the cavity of a tall stub and now spend their time gossiping about the pasture with a band of purple finches. A patch of dead blackberry vines are investigated without result, but in a growth of young conifers by the orchard fence I can hear the whining plaint of the Spurred Towhee. Upon nearer approach I hear the cry of *tsit, tsit, tsit*, so common to many birds of divergent natures that it seems as if somewhere back in the history of bird evolution they had a common parentage and this the primal, perhaps only, note of their vocabulary. The alert, black head of a Junco discloses the author of the cries and upon parting the foliage, a feeble flutter of baby wings reveals the cause of parental anxiety. A Red-shafted Flicker with his merry "cheer-up" stops to explore a dead pine. With the exception of the Red-breasted Sapsucker he seems the only representative of his kind, for though this is a haunt of the Pileated and Cabanis' Woodpeckers as well as of their smaller White-headed cousin, they are not often in evidence. A number of goldfinches are flitting about the orchard but the hour for luncheon is at hand and one cannot spoon with Nature while suffering from the pangs of an unrequited appetite.

Nature has not here shown her boldest handiwork in mountain sculpture or in arboreal creations, for the pass is not the highest, and the majestic shafts about us are but wands as compared to the giant sequoias of Calaveras and Mariposa. Yet she has done enough to impress one most profoundly with the vastness of her conceptions. Well it is that the government has sought to rescue this great aviary from the hands of the despoiler for the desecration of the axe and saw-mill is in evidence on every side. The results of our daily excursions among the warblers and

other birds of the deeper forests have been recorded by those veterans in bird-craft, Messrs. Barlow and Carriger, and although every day was replete with pleasant incidents, further reference to the subject would here be superfluous.

Yet, after the last day's work is done, I linger to bid good-bye to the pleasant associations and go out again into the lengthening shadows to witness the coming of the night. Seated upon a fallen cedar with a mattress of brown needles at my feet, I examine the treasures around me. To the north a broad sweep of the low-lying valley, untrammelled by civilization, rests languorous and dreamy in the purple haze, while beyond rise the gray, granite walls and battlements that mark the course of that erstwhile Klondike,—the American River. To the east the bald granite ridges sweep ever upward until the gleaming fangs of the great divide stand clear and cold against the evening sky.

On every side the silver stars of "mountain misery" look up from their beds of feathery foliage, and groups of tiny figworts, some robed in vestments of white and gold and others in imperial purple, are scattered over the soft carpet. Near them a snowy iris stands like a chaste nun guarding her worldly flock. A dead cedar thrusts its tapering spire far up into the blue ether and on its pinnacle an Olive-sided Flycatcher assumes his solitary watch, uttering now and anon his peculiar note. In adjacent thickets the warblers and vireos are completing their evening repast and their gentle gossip falls on the evening stillness like baby prattle of bird-land. The low, happy notes of the Chickadee are heard from every side, while from the slanting branch of a spruce a grosbeak lifts up its voice in anthem so earnest and joyous that its influence is infectious.

The dawn of night is around us; swift-footed and silently she treads the lower valleys and her cool, balmy breath permeates the forest. The clamorous birds are hushed in her mysterious presence. She pauses a little in her upward flight, while the lingering sun throws a parting kiss to the eastern hills which blush, responsive, to the

greeting. The silence that invokes the children of imagination is over the landscape and the "peace which passeth all understanding" seems to enfold the hills. "The groves were God's first temples" is a sentiment written on every hill and whispered in every wandering breeze. What simplicity is here, where the whole world may come unquestioned and leave its burdens in God's own sanctuary. What glorious absence of narrow creeds, of pompous caste and petty cliques and all the empty formalities of fashionable devotions! No gloved and perfumed usher with scrutinizing glance suggestive of credentials. No salaried choir to taint the holy anthems with stains of commerce, and no ten-thousand-dollar exponent of humility to throw bouquets of empty rhetoric. No ostentatious appeals to God to manifest His divine presence are necessary.

He is here if anywhere and you know it. These are His temples and His silent sermons are written on every side. More masterful than the creations of men are these majestic columns and eternal naves. More beautiful than the frescoes of St. Peter are these cloud-swept vaults and glorious vistas. The grandest symphonies of the masters are not more acceptable to the human heart than the sweet anthems of the birds borne upon the deep, solemn strains of these mighty wind-harps. No one who exercises thought can pass a twilight in the impressive solemnity of these groves without imbibing in some degree the sentiment which impelled that broad-minded teacher of humanity and humility, of mercy and charity, to go alone into the solitudes to pray.

The day is nearly spent and night moves silently, while the evening star rises white over the spectral hills. The weird call of a creeper is still heard, like the mocking taunt of some woodland sprite, and as I move to go, a faint twitter comes from out the snowy plumes of the deer-brush, so soft, so ineffably sweet, that it seems a benediction to Nature's silent services. The day is dead.

"Night threw her sable mantle o'er the world,
And pinned it with a star."

J. M. W., Copperopolis, Cal.

Nesting of the Sulphur-bellied Flycatcher.

BY RICHARD D. LUSK, ROSEMONT, A. T.

A LONG the ever-flowing canon streams in some of the higher ranges of southern Arizona, at an altitude where grow large sycamores in abundance (5000 to 6500 feet) may be found a curious member of the family *Tyrannidae*, the Sulphur-bellied Flycatcher. But he is not to be found in these, his breeding haunts, until spring has ripened into summer. The warblers and vireos and the other flycatchers, the beautiful tanagers and the wary Scott's Oriole with his melodious whistle, reminding one of the first strain of "Yankee Doodle," have all been back for weeks in their favorite resorts of hillside or mountain top or canon depth, ere the first pair of these birds puts in an appearance or makes their presence known by an unmusical discordant screech.

They seem to come in pairs, during the last days of May or early in June. Having killed several females in June whose ovaries showed no indication of the presence of the breeding season, I surmised that possibly they did not breed here, and, after watching them assiduously two or three seasons thro' June and even into July, I had nearly given up the quest when a companion shot one about Aug. 1 containing a fully formed egg.

With new light on the subject, I watched thereafter later in the season and on Aug. 15, '94, was rewarded by finding a set of three eggs, the first taken in the United States I believe, and which I afterward sent to the late Major Bendire. The nest referred to, as well as all subsequent ones that I have found, was in a natural cavity of a sycamore, caused by the rotting out, within the trunk, of the base of a broken off limb, of which cavities there are many in the sycamores. There is little or no cavity below the level of the opening, and those selected are quite roomy, so that the bird which is somewhat larger than the kingbird, has plenty of room without mussing her plumage, and so large is the entrance that usually the largest hand would find ample room for entrance.

The nests which are marvels of uniformity and simplicity as to materials, are made of the naturally-curved, dried leaf stems of the walnut, without a shred of lining of any kind. The stems, which are stiff and quite uniformly curved, are so arranged that their natural curves form the round nest. Sometimes, however, in case of a rough-bottomed cavity, a sub-material of small sticks, bark etc., is made use of. They are generally quite indifferently made, like most nests within cavities, but last season I found one so compactly put together that I was able to remove and handle it without injury. Though quite thick, one could distinctly see the large dark eggs through the bottom of the wire-like structure after its removal from the cavity. No other number than three of either eggs or young was ever found, I believe; no other material in the nest structure than the leaf stems mentioned; and no other location than that of a natural cavity in a sycamore by running water.

This is one of the few species nesting here, who wait their nesting for the second spring, the rainy season, which opens about July 1st. The Buff-breasted Flycatcher and the Massena Partridge are the most conspicuous other examples. It seems curious that, arriving at their breeding haunts at a time when nearly all of their neighbors are building or setting or rearing broods, and after the weather is as uniformly mild and propitious as that of Italy itself, they invariably wait several weeks before beginning to build, tho' I have learned that they commonly select a cavity within a few days after their arrival, and if not disturbed make it their rendezvous until later in the season when they see fit to build in it. I have never known a nest to be begun until the clouds were gathering for the summer rains, and only one before the rains had actually well begun, the latest nest being taken Aug. 15, but these eggs were well incubated. Two pairs I have seen drowned out of their cavities by the driving rains filling them to over-flowing; in fact my

first eggs were almost submerged in water just after a hard storm, and last season I took an incomplete set of two from beneath nearly two inches of water in a water-tight cavity filled to the brim. These birds had gone some fifty yards up the stream and built anew.

They are a very shy, suspicious bird and I could rarely get an opportunity to watch them at their nesting, except by going while they were away from home and quietly awaiting their return in an inconspicuous place. Presently the subdued, discordant screeching of the two birds at once would announce that they were about the cavity, and this particular tone I never heard any where else, so it became a clue to me. I was unable to ascertain whether the male assisted in the work of nest building but think that he did. 'Tis a very common habit with them to alight on a high commanding position and take an extended survey before going to the nest. If they see you and leave, don't think to hide and await their return for the eggs may cool for hours, but Mrs. Sulphur-belly will not return until you are gone and not until she sees or hears you go. They are usually very quiet except during the morning hours.

Their normal call is about the most unmusical imaginable. I am at a loss to describe it, and certainly can give no idea of it by the use of sounds represented by the English alphabet, or by notes of the musical scale, and, for the sake of my native tongue and of the divine art of music, I'm not sorry that I can not. It resembles slightly the screech of a large wheel devoid of lubricant, uttered once, or, often when two or more are in company, several times in succession. Heard once, it will never be forgotten or confused with any other bird voice. As for a song, I learned that they do have one. Just after sunset, one evening last August one of them perched upon the top of a small oak on a steep hillside, and, for several minutes, at intervals, executed what he certainly meant for a song. It slightly resembles that with which the Kingbird awakens one at the first streak of dawn, when sleeping out of

doors, as we so often do here in our hunting and traveling.

If, as I suspect is true among birds, a harsh, unmusical voice betokens a harsh, disagreeable nature, these birds must have very unlovely natures indeed; and I have often fancied that, either from fear or repugnance, other birds give them a wide berth. They seem fearless, but rarely, if ever, engage in chasing the raven or hawk as do the other flycatchers. Have rarely seen them chase birds from their nesting tree even tho' I have repeatedly seen a Cooper's Hawk alight on its top and remain for some time. The eggs of different birds of this species vary considerably as to size and also as to relative dimensions. Their creamy white ground is spotted and somewhat blotched with two shades of brown and lavender, very heavy on large end, the ground color there peeping thro' only here and there on some of the more heavily marked specimens, and assuming a streakiness on the more thinly marked portions of shell, but always marked plentifully over the whole area. An incomplete set of two in my possession here measure 1.00x.78, .99x.77 inches and a single, an addled egg, taken from a nest containing two young birds, measures .95x.72. This last is the minimum, so far as I have seen, the first two fairly representing the average.

Mr. John M. Willard who is located at Susanville, Cal., writes us under date of July 15 from Eagle Lake, Lassen Co. that two plume hunters have killed nearly 400 grebes on the lake thus far for the season. He states that they cannot be reasoned with in the matter and profess to be unable to discern a difference between the taking of a few skins for scientific purposes and slaughtering the birds. This but records one more offense against decency, such as is carried on by vandals in almost every isolated district in which birds of valuable plumage congregate, and there seems no way of remedying the evil. Let us hear from some practical ornithologist on the subject.

The editor recently enjoyed a call at the home of Mr. Lyman Belding of Stockton, Cal., one of the three honorary members of the Cooper Club. Mr. Belding seems as well preserved and as active as he was years ago when he wrote his well known volume, *Land Birds of the Pacific District*, and still enjoys frequent outings in the Sierra Nevadas, where he engages in fishing and hunting and bird study as a pastime.

Correspondence.

A Plea for the General Use of Scientific Names.

From time to time various persons, presumably intelligent collectors, have asked why we cannot dispense with scientific names of birds and use the English altogether. Such a peculiar proceeding has even found favor with the prophet of all good amateur ornithologists, Dr. Coues. Mr. Hornaday¹ and Mr. Stephens² demand that all birds and mammals be supplied with common names. Their claim seems to be that trivial names are more easily comprehended by the public than scientific names. It has been my experience that *Ardea virescens* means, to the average person, quite as much as Green Heron. Although some names as duck, sparrow and woodpecker have ideas hitched to them, such concepts are usually worthless. On this point we will speak later.

Another class demanding attention and common names, is the great tribe of half scientists—those who find a pleasure in knowing something of the relationship of animals. They are terrified, however, by scientific names and are content to keep such in a closed "key" or "check-list," knowing the birds by their number as if they were so many prisoners. Why not use the name that every one will know? The scientific names must be learned sometime, thus doubling the work. Why not learn them at once?

Names of Latin form are a necessity for several reasons, so evident that it seems a waste of space to mention them. In the first place they are a necessity because not all people speak one language. Latin being the most universally known is the best language from which to build our handles, graspable by scientists of whatever nationality. Secondly, it is impossible to find enough common names to supply all the species of birds. Hear now what Dr. Allen says:³

"As regards the names of species of animals or plants, but a small proportion are ever recognized in any vernacular tongue, because unknown to the average layman. When discovered and made known by science, a vernacular name is often invented for them, as well as a scientific one. Yet many of the most remarkable and familiarly known animals and plants never acquire a name other than the scientific one, compounded of Latin or Greek, which the laity adopt in common with scien-

tists, and never even dream that they are using the technical language of science. Hippopotamus, rhinoceros, and the names of many of our ornamental plants are cases in point."

With many of our American birds we use the generic names as trivial terms. No one has trouble with phainopepla, leucosticte, junco, pyrrhuloxia, merganser or vireo when used as common names; perhaps they look more terrific when printed in italic. If I am not mistaken Vireo and Junco were adopted by a vote of American ornithologists as being preferable to Greenlet and Snowbird.

Another reason for using Latin names is that they show us something of the relationships of animals. Thus if one speaks of a *Dryobates* or a *Dendroica* or a *Salpinctes*, we know nearer what group of species is intended than if woodpecker, warbler or wren is used. That is to say, the scientific is applied with more exactness than the common name.

There is another trouble with trivial names. They are coined by anyone who takes a notion and while not differing so far from scientific names, they do differ in being purely local. The result is that one bird species may have many names, or, that several birds may have the same name. Thus *Colaptes auratus* has been found to sport at least thirty-six common names.⁴ Again the name Yellow Hammer is used for *Emberiza citrinella* in England, for *Colaptes auratus* in the eastern states and for *C. cafer* on this coast.

Mr. Gordon Trumbull,⁵ at great pains, has collected the names used by gunners for the various game birds. This book illustrates the great confusion which comes from the use of common names.

It might be possible to have uniform common names for well known birds, but when we come to peculiar forms as *Pyrrhuloxia* or *Phainopepla*, we have no common names and the trouble is still worse as we go into Mexico or Africa. Then again even if we found it possible to use English names for all mammals and birds or even all vertebrates, there are still unprovided for hundreds of thousands of invertebrates as suggested by the Rev. W. F. Henninger.⁶ Not only have we a host of living forms, but to be consistent we should have to find names for the paleontologist with his thousands of vertebrates and invertebrates.

If, as Mr. Beal⁷ has told us, grangers prefer and use scientific names and terms, certainly ornithologists and oologists who pretend to know something of science can use scientific names. I would suggest that we do

away with trivial names in our literature and correspondence at least. This would simplify things immensely. Not only would space be saved in faunal lists but in exchanging specimens one would need be familiar with only one set of names. It is extremely annoying to receive a list of trivial names and have to translate them before knowing what species are offered. Ichthyologist, mammalogist, herpetologist, and invertebrate systematists seem to struggle along without the use of trivial names; why cannot ornithologists? If we had a list of common names which were ordinarily recognized, they would be useful, but such a thing is impossible, and why we should advocate the use of such names as smew, jabiru, limpkin, parauque, grassquit and dickcissel is a fact I do not understand. Scientific are more accurate than, and as readily used when known, as trivial names, in fact, are often preferred. The recognition of both increases, without any accompanying advantage, the labors of memory; common names can never become to any extent so well known as the scientific. These are the reasons for which I advocate abandoning trivial terms.

RICHARD C. MCGREGOR.

Palo Alto, Cal.

- 1 *Auk* XII, 91.
- 2 *idem* 191.
- 3 *J. A. Auk* I, 303.
- 4 *Audubon Mag.* I, 101.
- 5 *Names and Portraits of Birds.*
- 6 *Osprey* IV, 12.
- 7 *F. R. L. Beal, Auk* XII, 192.

Importance of Accuracy in Lists.

Every bird student and collector will read with pleasure such lists as that of Mr. Price on the Birds of the Lower Colorado Valley, and that other lists are to be published from time to time. At the start, however, I wish to give a word of caution against placing in such lists any bird that has not, without a shadow of doubt, been identified either by actual specimens secured or by familiarity with the species. While I do not wish to detract from Mr. Price's observations, a careful perusal of his list shows that nineteen out of ninety-one birds mentioned are either doubtful or simply a guess as to their identity.

In this age of careful and systematic research our lists, which are to be the basis of all future work in that line, should contain only actually identified species. In connection with such a list, a sort of supplementary one should follow, giving all information possible as to birds that were observed but of whose identity there was a doubt. In other words, leaving

for the future observer a chance to follow up such observations and earn for the bird a place in the list proper.

Every observer has to fight constantly against the inclination to identify a bird when he feels in the bottom of his heart that he is not quite sure of it. So he may put it down with more or less elaborate notes which may be confirmed afterward by some observer with more time or better facilities, or it may not. In the one case by a lucky guess he places on the list a name which rightfully belongs there only after identity by another. In case of an unlucky guess he has placed on record something that causes more or less confusion to others for years to come.

So I say put in the lists only such birds as are without question and absolutely identified. The principal value of these lists will be to define the geographical range of species and subspecies and in some cases the lines are so finely drawn that identity in the field, excepting under the most favorable conditions, is almost impossible. In such cases enough specimens should be secured to settle the matter. If this cannot be done then the fact that cormorants, or whatever the bird may happen to be, has been seen should be mentioned in the supplementary list, leaving the identity of the species to whoever may follow, after which it may rightfully belong in the list proper.

FRANK S. DAGGETT.

Pasadena, Cal.

Book Reviews.

NATURAL HISTORY OF THE TRES MARIAS ISLANDS, MEXICO. By E. W. Nelson, North American Fauna No. 14, U. S. Dept. of Agriculture, April 29, 1899, pp. 97.

This paper contains all the information which the Department of Agriculture has secured through the work of Mr. Nelson of the Biological Survey, who thoroughly explored the Tres Marias group in May, 1897, making collections of birds and mammals and securing also specimens of reptiles, fishes, mollusks, crustaceans and plants, on all of which complete reports have been given in the present work. The general description, birds, mammals and a partial bibliography of the islands are by Mr. Nelson.

From the introduction it appears that the islands have been known since 1532 but no scientific work was accomplished there until 1865 when Col. A. J. Grayson visited the group. The four islands are 65 miles from San Blas, and the highest of the group, Maria Madre, reaches an elevation of 2,000 feet. The islands are mountainous and fresh water is scarce in summer. Mr. Nelson records 83 species and subspecies of birds from the group.

It appears that the bird life of the islands is somewhat restricted and there is a noticeable lack of the species occurring on the adjacent main-land coast. This Mr. Nelson attributes to the scarcity of water and the prolonged dry season of the Tres Marias. In the list which is given, numerous North American species are noticeable. From the Tres Marias group was described Forrer's Vireo (*Vireo flavoviridis forreri*) mentioned in the July-August BULLETIN. The paper is but another of the admirable series constituting the *North American Fauna*, reflecting at the same time much individual credit upon Mr. Nelson. It will prove of interest to Coast workers and especially to any intending to undertake tropical work in ornithology. C. B.

A REVIEW OF THE ORNITHOLOGY OF THE GALAPAGOS ISLANDS. With Notes on the Webster-Harris Expedition. By the Hon. Walter Rothschild Ph. D., and Ernst Hartert, Plates V. and VI. Reprint from *Novitates Zoologicae*, Vol. VI. August, 1899, pp. 86-205.

From the fact that some of our members have made collections in the islands, and several others, members of the Anthony party, made an attempt last spring to reach the archipelago, a short notice of the present paper seems desirable. The paper consists of six parts. I. Introductory Notes. II. Diary of Charles Miller Harris. III. Notes from the Diary of Mr. F. P. Drowne. IV. General Remarks about the Fauna of the Galapagos Islands. V. The Birds of the Galapagos Islands. VI. List of the Birds Known to Occur on the Galapagos Islands.

Certhidea olivacea ridgwayi, *Geospiza darwini*, *G. dubia sinuillima*, *G. fuliginosa minor*, *G. scandens septentrionalis*, *Nesopelia galapagensis exsul* and *Cerciscus sharpei* are described as new. Four species of *Pyrocephali* are reduced to synonymy, *P. nanus* and *P. dubius* alone being recognized. "Only two forms can be distinguished from the Galapagos Archipelago, the forms separated by Ridgway on account of certain alleged differences in colour, not being recognizable." The differences in color assigned by Ridgway to *Certhidea salvini* and *C. albemarlei* are said to be due to different ages of the specimens. These two names are, therefore, discarded.

Perhaps the most radical change in nomenclature is the use of trinomials for the local forms of *Passeres*, which proceeding seems quite reasonable however. "If trinomials are used everywhere else, there is no reason why the birds of the Galapagos Islands should be deprived of this most useful form of nomenclature. In cases where certain individuals of representative forms are hardly, if at all, distinguishable, but where a series is easily separable, the recognition of subspecies is inevitable. Our material has generally left very little doubt to us, whether we should treat a form as species or subspecies."

In the list of birds known to occur on the islands, 108 species and subspecies are given,

representing fifty genera. Of these seventy-nine are peculiar to the ornith. Plate V is poor. It illustrates *Diomedea irrorata*, *Phaethon aethereus* on its nest, *Anous stolidus galapagensis*, and *Amblyrhynchus cristatus*, all from Hood Island. Plate VI is interesting and useful. It illustrates Bills of the Genus *Geospiza*. Seven pages are devoted to general remarks about the origin of the islands and their fauna. "There are two theories: viz., that of Darwin, Wallace and most other naturalists, that the islands were uplifted from the ocean and never were in connection with the continent of America, or with each other; and that of Dr. Baur, who said that the islands were once connected with America and with each other, and were submerged in or after the Eocene period. Both these views must be taken into earnest consideration."

Having considered all the evidence in the case and having made a careful study of their ample material in the bird line, consisting of 3075 skins from the Harris expedition, the Baur collection of about 1100 skins, and constant access to Gould's and Salvin's types in the British Museum, Dr. Rothschild and Mr. Hartert make the following conservative statements: "I. The entire fauna of the Galapagos Islands derived originally from America. II. It is uncertain whether there has ever been a land-connection between the various islands and between the islands and the continent or not." R. C. M.

*** A Club Crest.

The accompanying design has been adopted by the Cooper Ornithological Club as its official crest and will be used as an imprint in connection with the issuance of special publications and monographs by the Club. It has also been arranged to have the crest imprinted upon stationery for the especial use of members of the Club, a majority of whom have already adopted the idea.



The design was drawn by Mr. W. Otto Emerson, a prominent artist and Club member who has in process a striking cover, for "The Condor," when the present BULLETIN enters upon its second volume under its new title.

General News Notes.

A NOTABLE EGG COLLECTION.

It may prove of interest to western oologists to learn that during the past few months two Californian collections have changed hands. The extensive collection of H. R. Taylor has been broken up and the greater part of it acquired by Miss Jean Bell of Ridley Park, Penn. Recently the entire private collection of C. Barlow has passed into Miss Bell's possession, the owner feeling that the completion of the collection had been rendered difficult by an entire absence of time to secure and add new species. The features of the Barlow collection were its raptures, select sets with nests, and a fine representation of Parallone species.

It is interesting to note the extent of the very choice oological collection now possessed by Miss Bell, as it is perhaps the largest and most valuable private collection in the United States. Into this superb collection have been absorbed the private cabinets of Messrs. Josiah Hoopes, Isaac Reiff, H. K. Jamison, J. W. Preston, Watson Bishop and C. Barlow besides over 1000 selected sets from the collection of Thos. H. Jackson and several hundred choice sets from H. R. Taylor's collection.

The collection is finely represented in raptures, containing among other good things series of Everglade Kite, Sharp-shinned and Broad-winged Hawks with nests, Canada Jays, Ravens, rare Sparrows etc. Interesting individual sets are Solitary Sandpiper 1-5 (unique) and California Vulture. 848 species and sub-species on the A. O. U. check-list are represented in the collection, which is contained in a special museum building built purposely to receive it and to which has recently been added an extension to accommodate newly acquired specimens.

An interesting event occurred at noon on Sunday, October 15, when Mr. Chester Barlow, editor of the Cooper Ornithological Club's BULLETIN, and Miss Jeannette E. Nicholls were united in marriage at the home of the bride's parents in San Jose, California. Miss Minnie Winter acted as maid of honor and Miss Marie Williams as bridesmaid, the groom being attended by H. R. Taylor. The ceremony was performed by Rev. C. J. Thompson, in the presence of relatives and a few intimate friends of the family. The bride is one of the most charming young ladies for which the "Garden City" of the state is noted. The groom holds a responsible position in the

Santa Clara Valley Bank, and has a host of friends in and out of scientific lines who will wish the couple many happy years. After December they will make their home in Santa Clara.

Among the choice gifts was a handsome dinner set of Haviland china from the Northern Division of the Cooper Ornithological Club, of which Mr. Barlow has been the popular secretary for over six years. The presentation, a complete surprise, was accompanied by autographic congratulations from the members, bound into a unique souvenir, beautifully designed by Otto Emerson and artistically inscribed as follows:

"With compliments and all felicitous wishes to our good friend, our honorable secretary and editor, Chester Barlow, on his happy accession of a Bird of Paradise! From the Northern Division of the Cooper Ornithological Club of California, October 15, 1899." To which the editorial associate, having here for once personally asserted his prerogative, can add or detract nothing. H. R. T.

The expedition sent out to the Yukon River district by the Biological Survey in charge of Messrs. Wilfred H. Osgood and A. G. Maddren, and accompanied by Dr. L. B. Bishop, has returned and Mr. Osgood has been spending a few days at his former home in San Jose. With the exception of being capsized near Circle City and losing all their collecting equipage save their specimens, the party had few mishaps and accomplished much work of permanent value. The northern range of many species was very materially extended. Mr. Osgood left for Washington Oct. 29.

Word has been received from Joseph Grinnell who has spent the past eighteen months on the Kowak river in the Kotzebue Sound region, Alaska, above the Arctic circle. They were ten and a half months without communication with the outside world. On July 9 their little craft, the "Penelope," broke through the ice of Kotzebue Sound on its way to Cape Nome where they arrived three weeks later. Here the party will remain until late in September, stopping at Dutch Harbor, in the Aleutian islands on their way home.

A great mass of material of rare interest has been collected and numerous notes and facts recorded, which cannot but delight the ornithological world. Mr. Grinnell's reputation for accuracy of observation and indomitable energy is well known and the results of his explorations in this heretofore unknown region will not only redound to his credit, but to that of the Cooper Ornithological Club, of which he is an active member, as well.

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of the
Cooper Ornithological Club
OF CALIFORNIA.

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CHESTER BARLOW, Santa Clara, Cal.,
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Associates.

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Write plainly and confine your article to one side of the
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EDITORIAL NOTES.

As a Club accomplishment, the members of the Cooper Ornithological Club may feel a pardonable pride in the completion of Volume I of the BULLETIN, and a glance backward to the time of its inception is not irrelevant at this time. Formerly the Club secured uncertain space for its proceedings in current ornithological magazines until the expansion of the Club and the gradual contraction of its publishing space made this system of publication wholly impracticable. Then was the proposition to establish its own Bulletin brought before the Club. It was at first proposed to publish a quarterly of twelve pages, as the Club did not wish to attempt more than it could accomplish. However the more sanguine members favored a bi-monthly of sixteen pages, and as such the BULLETIN was launched, its success being at that time somewhat dependent upon the outside support it might receive.

Now, at the conclusion of the year, we find that the issues have ranged from sixteen to twenty-four pages each, issued promptly on the fifteenth of each publishing month, and financially the paper has far exceeded the success anticipated by its most ardent supporters. It is proper to remark that the numerous valuable papers presented during the year and the success of the BULLETIN itself, is due largely to the active interest shown, and aid extend-

ed the editors, by individual Club members. Without such united effort the Club could not have accomplished the work which it has, and to its members as well as outside supporters the editors express their appreciation. Under its new title, "The Condor," the magazine will begin Volume II, its editors feeling that the unique and briefer title will prove a material benefit.

One of the most notable published photographs of the year is that of the founders of the American Ornithologists' Union appearing as frontispiece in *Bird-Lore* for October. The plate is a composite one of photographs taken in or about 1883 and is unusually interesting as showing many of the now veteran workers at a time when they were actively engaged in field work and the making of ornithological history. Marked changes are observed in most cases when the photographs are compared with those more recently taken, and a number who grace the present plate have since passed away, among them being Spencer F. Baird, Major Chas. E. Bendire and Geo. N. Lawrence.

Through a fortunate coincidence we have received contributions from both Messrs. O. W. Howard and Richard D. Lusk on the nesting habits of the Sulphur-bellied Flycatcher in Arizona. We have accordingly given both papers space in this issue, feeling that an increased knowledge of the habits of this little-known species will be welcomed by ornithologists. Mr. Howard's notes on the Olivaceous and Buff-breasted Flycatchers also present many valuable facts new to science.

We devote a portion of our space this month to a "reverie" by Mr. John M. Welch, whose love for the "poetry of Nature" must have been shared by every true ornithologist who has sojourned in the timber-belt of the Sierras. After all, ornithology would lose much of its zest as a study, could we not constantly associate it with the activity of out-door life, and well 'tis so!

During 1900 the Cooper Ornithological Club will issue several special publications of special interest and importance to working ornithologists. This becomes necessary with the receipt of lengthy manuscripts—monographs in fact—which cannot be published entire in the BULLETIN, and which are in every way worthy of being given the importance of separate publications of the Club.

With the advent of winter evenings and abundant opportunity to peruse last season's note books, there should be an influx of absorbing papers, such as come only from the active field-workers.

The BULLETIN, although beginning its second volume under the new cognomen, *The Condor*, will remain under the same management as heretofore, being fully supported by the Club.

Gray-crowned Leucosticte on Mt. Whitney, Cal.

While making the ascent of Mt. Whitney, July 23, I found the Gray-crowned Leucosticte fairly abundant. In the Upper Crab-tree meadow half a dozen were seen feeding about moist grassy places, and at the foot of the trail to the top, at the old bolometer station, about 12,000 feet elevation, a dozen or more came into camp after crumbs, hopping within five feet of members of the party.

Right under the crest of Mt. Whitney, at an elevation of about 15,000 ft., a pair were gleaming food from a large snow drift. This bank had melted, leaving cones of snow 18 inches high all over its surface, and the birds flew from cone to cone examining all sides. Upon investigation I found quite a number of lepidopterous insects (no coleoptera) adhering to the moist surfaces and the birds were evidently feeding upon them. A storm of hail passing over drove the birds under granite slabs for shelter, but they were back onto the drift as soon as it ceased. Specimens taken and dissected, at 11,000 feet elevation, showed no trace of insect food. However, it is of interest to know that the highest point in the United States outside of Alaska, (Mt. Whitney 15,086 feet elevation) can sustain bird life. I saw no other variety of bird above the timber line.

FRANK S. DAGGETT.

Pasadena, Cal.

Official Minutes of Northern Division.

NOVEMBER.

The Division met at the home of H. C. Ward in Alameda Nov. 4, President Emerson in the chair and thirteen members in attendance. Lawrence Kessing of Alameda was elected to active membership. Bills for current expenses, amounting to \$3.15 were paid. Upon motion, Mr. Emerson was requested to complete his design for a new cover for the BULLETIN, when it shall begin its second volume as "The Condor," and after approval by the Publication Committee a cut was ordered made to be used on the January issue. Nominations for officers for 1900 resulted as follows: For President, W. Otto Emerson; Vice President, Theodore J. Hoover; Secretary, C. Barlow; Treasurer, Donald A. Cohen. Mr. McGregor

spoke upon a new line of work which the Club proposes to undertake in 1900,—that of issuing special publications or memoirs as funds and material warrant. It was ordered that such publications be authorized and issued by the Club from time to time and under such title as may be later determined upon. F. W. Koch of Merced and Wm. R. Flint of Oakland were dropped for delinquency. Mr. McGregor presented an interesting paper entitled "Dicromatism in the Genus *Carpodacus*" which was amply illustrated with skins of various forms of the *Carpodaci* group. A paper by Mr. Jos. Mailliard entitled "Land Birds of Marin Co., Cal." was read by title owing to the lateness of the hour. Adjourned to meet at the home of C. Barlow in Santa Clara on January 6.

C. BARLOW, Division Secretary.

Official Minutes of Southern Division.

SEPTEMBER.

The Division met at the home of M. L. Wicks Jr., with President McCormick in the chair. The name of Mr. Roth Reynolds was proposed for active membership. The name of Harry H. Dunn which was proposed for membership at the last meeting was withdrawn. The Outing Committee failed to decide upon a place for the outing and was given further time to act. Resolutions from the Northern Division to change the present name of the BULLETIN to that of "The Condor" were read, the change to be made with the January number. A letter from C. Barlow pertaining to the subject was also read. The change was adopted by unanimous vote of those present. It was, however, recommended that the words "Continuation of" be dropped, making the new title read: "The Condor; Bulletin of the Cooper Ornithological Club." Mr. Daggett read a paper entitled "Desirability of Positive Identification in Lists." Two papers from the Northern Division were read. Adjourned.

HOWARD ROBERTSON, Division Sec'y.

MR. F. S. DAGGETT'S PRIVATE REPORT OF THE OUTING MEETING.

My Dear Robertson:

The Cooper Ornithological Club held its annual meeting at Wilson's Peak Oct. 28-30, the feature this year being the attendance of visitors, among which were A. N. Wright, Mrs. F. S. Daggett, Miss Ethel Daggett and Geo. Key. Several papers of rare interest were read (besides the *Los Angeles Times*, *Los Angeles Express*, *Pasadena Star* etc.) Flash messages were sent to absent members at Los Angeles 23 miles distant, also to Santa Monica 41 miles away, (no reply received). The members made their headquarters at Martin's Camp but extended their investigation to Strain's Camp beyond; in fact covered the peak pretty thoroughly during the three days. No new birds were noted but many old friends in the shape of Thick-billed Sparrows, Mountain Chickadees, West. Bluebird and a pair of California Vultures circling over Eaton Canon were noted.

When the party started down Monday morn-

ing the thermometer registered 38 deg. and they were all awakened in the night by a hail-storm, the pellets as big as eggs (*Hummingbird's*) banging on the shake roofs with a tremendous noise. An interesting letter from Joe Grinnell written a few days before he left Cape Nome for home was also read. By the way, Robertson, I was the only member present, but we had all the elements of a successful meeting and with the above pointers you ought to give a report which will make the Northern fellows green with envy! Where were the rest of them? Not necessary to state number of members present!

Truly Yours,

FRANK S. DAGGETT.

Publications Received.

Jordan, David Starr and Richard C. McGregor. List of the Fishes Collected at the Revillagigedo Archipelago and Neighboring Islands. (U. S. Fish Com. Rept., 1898, 271-284.)

Newton, Prof. Alfred. A Dictionary of Birds. Cheap Issue, Unabridged. Oct., 1899, pp. 1088. Macmillan Co., New York.

Norris, J. Parker Jr. Some Facts About the Consistency of the Chairman of the A. O. U. Committee on Bird Protection. Privately Printed, Philadelphia, 1899.

Annual Report of the Smithsonian Institution, 1896.

Bird Lore, I, No. 5, Oct. 1899.

Journal of the Maine Ornithological Society, I, No. 4, Oct., 1899.

Maine Sportsman, VI, Nos. 73 and 74, Sept. and Oct., 1899.

Museum, V, Nos. 11 and 12, Sept. and Oct., 1899.

North American Fauna No. 16. Results of a Biological Survey of Mt. Shasta, Cal., Oct. 28, 1899.

Oologist, XVI, Nos. 9 and 10, Sept. and Oct., 1899.

Osprey, IV, Nos. 1 and 2, Sept. and Oct., 1899.

Publications of the U. S. National Museum, Nos. 1076, 1078, 1079, 1080, 1083, 1090, 1091, 1093, 1116, 1118, 1134, 1144, 1153 and 1166.

Recreation, XI, Nos. 3, 4 and 5, Sept., Oct. and Nov., 1899.

Sports Afield, XXIII, Nos. 4 and 5, Oct. and Nov., 1899.

Sunset, III, No. 6, Oct., 1899.

Wilson Bulletin, No. 28, Sept. 30, 1899.

List of Members of the Cooper Ornithological Club of California

NOV. 15, 1899.

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JEAN BELL, Ridley Park, Penn.

FOR EXCHANGE.—Grinnell's "Birds of the Pacific Slope of Los Angeles Co.," for ornithological literature not already in my library.

F. S. DAGGETT, Pasadena, Cal.

IF YOU HAVE an albino sparrow, towhee, finch, grosbeak, goldfinch or junco that you will trade or sell please send me price. I offer cash or liberal exchange in rare and common skins.

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O. W. HOWARD,
Ft. Huachuca, Arizona.

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